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Remarkable Spiritual Manifestations, 1887-07-15

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Remarkable Spiritual Manifestations.

To the Editor of the Times:

About the beginning of May I was informed by Mr. Joseph P. Hazard of Peace Dale, that through a Mrs. Debar, a spiritual medium of New York city, wonderful spiritual manifestations were being obtained. This he had heard from Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, who lives in New York city, and formerly was United States minister to Portugal. I told Mr. Hazard I expected to go to New York soon after that time, and asked him if he knew the lady's address as I would like to go and see her and if I could, get a sitting from her. Her address he could not give me, but gave me Mr. O'Sullivan's address, saying, he will be able to give you Mrs. Debar's address without doubt.

I went to New York May twentieth where I intended to spend a few days, and on the forenoon of the following day, May twenty-first, called on Mr. O'Sullivan, was very kindly received, and with him spent an hour in interesting conversation. I had told him what my object was in calling on him, and when I asked him for Mrs. Debar's address, he not only gave it to me but said, "If you wish I will go with you." This kind offer I gladly accepted and together we went to Mrs. Debar's. The lady herself received us in the hall of the house and we were shown into a large parlor where we met a New York city gentleman, a lawyer personally known to Mr. O'Sullivan, and who stands high in his profession. He gave us an account of a seance he had just had with Mrs. Debar, and showed us a wonderful piece of artistic work he had at that seance obtained through her. But as this does not form part of my own experience with the medium, I refrain, at least for the present, from saying anything more about it. This gentleman left shortly after for his office down-town, and Mrs. Debar, Mr. O'Sullivan and I were then alone in the room. The room was well lighted and the sunshine freely admitted.

I told Mrs. Debar that my object in coming with Mr. O'Sullivan was to arrange if I could for a sitting with her. She said, "For two or three days my time is fully taken up and I cannot say when I could give you a sitting." "Could you not now?" I asked. She gazed earnestly in my face and said, "I don't know." Walking across the room she took from off a table a small canvas-mounted frame (six by nine inches I afterwards found it to be) and coming over to me, placed it on my head, and said, "Let that rest there," and walked back from me ten to twelve feet. I was seated in a chair and in another chair on my right sat Mr. O'Sullivan. The face side of the canvas was uppermost and I held it with one hand on my head to prevent its slipping and falling off. Looking intently towards me for half a minute or more she said, "I see a light over the frame," and coming over to me she took the frame off my head and placing it on my right knee, face side up, requested me to hold my hand over it, which I did. She walked up and down the room at some distance from me, and after a little, looking at me, said, "I hear the name of Mary called: that is for you." I

was?" asked Mrs. Debar. "Yes," I answered, "something is on the face of the canvas about the centre of it, and it has a cloudy appearance." "What color," I was asked. "It seems light brown" I answered. "They are working," was her eager remark. After about a minute I was requested again to use the mirror, which I did. "What do you see?" "Why I see the picture of a female form, seemingly painted in oil, but incomplete." I discerned neither hands nor arms. "Good," she exclaimed, "keep it still on your head." In less I think than a minute I was requested to look with the mirror again. I did so and saw that the hands and arms were added to the picture and said "It is completed," and was requested to take it down. Having done so I sat and looked at it in amazement; the paint over the whole surface of the canvas was fresh; and notwithstanding the wonder I felt, I said in a tone of disappointment, "that is not Mary's picture," and was told "No, that is your guardian spirit; Mary was with her." I remarked to Mrs. Debar, "you have not given me Mary's family name," "No," she said, "I have not got it yet." She then followed this up with "Mary was laid in the kirk yard far across the sea three decades—three decades and a half ago. She is high up in spirit life. She suffered much and was purified by it." I had to think a few moments to satisfy myself how long ago it was since Mary died and said, "Yes, it is thirty-five years and more since Mary died." "Yes," said she, "more than that." After a pause, she gazing in my face, called out, "Mary Drysdale." "Yes," I replied, "Mary Drysdale was her name."

I here thought of Mr. O'Sullivan, that he might come to the door, which was locked and said so, and was asked to unlock it which I did. A boy was sent to look him up and soon after he came in, was shown the painting and made inquiry regarding it.

Mrs. Debar not having a box suitable to put the painting in, a slate was got and tried on it and being too small, a larger one was obtained and found suitable. I not only saw that it was a new slate, that nothing was on either side of it, but I handled it; and holding the painting with my left hand resting it on my knee, I carefully placed the slate over it. The frame of the slate rested on the borders of the painting and so protected it. Mrs. Debar procured a piece of brown paper and assisted me to carefully wrap the two up together. Speaking to Mr. O'Sullivan of the picture I said somewhat sorrowfully "I wish it had been Mary's," and Mrs. Debar felt for me in my disappointment. She had walked back some distance from where I sat (Mr. O'Sullivan sat close by me and on my right) and looking over my way at the package, said "I see a light over the package," and came over beside me and sat down on my left. She took hold of the package on the one end with her fingers and thumb, requesting me to do the same at the opposite end and Mr. O'Sullivan to place his fingers on the side next to him. In a few moments we heard sounds as if a fine-pointed tool was being used, cutting into the slate. It seemed as if long lines were sometimes being cut, sometimes shorter ones, and sometimes quite short ones more, touches with a tool. This

could think of no friend I had had called Mary but a dear cousin of that name, and to whom at the time of my leaving Scotland I called on and bade her good-bye; she was then on her deathbed. I said, "I once had a cousin named Mary who died years ago." "That is she," said Mrs. Debar, and your guardian spirit is with her." Two names were then given which I could not recognize, but Mr. O'Sullivan who was sitting close by, recognized them as names of friends of his who had died. I remarked to him that matters were getting mixed up, and Mrs. Debar suggested that he remove his chair some distance from mine. He thought he had better leave the room altogether, go out into a park which was in front of the house and come back in a little, or if wanted could be called. This we also thought the better thing for him to do. Mrs. Debar locked the doors of the room after he left. This was done to prevent interruption. Shortly after this, walking up and down the room, she called out "Elizabeth." I said "No." "No?" said she questioning, and again I replied "No," for I could not think of any friend I had by name Elizabeth. "Bess," she eagerly exclaimed, and then followed it with "Bessie," adding "Bessie was related to Mary." This recalled to my recollection my aunt Bettie," and I answered "Bettie." "Yes, Bettie," she uttered in eager response. "Aunt Bettie," I said, "was Mary's mother," and this seemed to gratify her very much. Here let me say I do not recollect of having heard my aunt called Elizabeth; sometimes she would be spoken of as Bessie by some one of the family, but most commonly she was called Bettie. After a short pause Mrs. Debar called out "Annie," and I nodding assent she gave "Willie," then "Annie and Willie." These I said were my parents' names, to which she said, "Is it possible?" My parents were often spoken of by members of both their families as "Annie and Willie," as Mrs. Debar had given them, sometimes as "Willie and Annie."

She then took the canvas frame from off my knee, saying "We can get nothing this way," wiped the face of it hard with her hand and gave it to me requesting me to hold it over my head, resting the lower end of it on my forehead and inclining the top of it back a little; the face of the canvas outward so that it could have been seen by any one if standing in front of me. After the canvas frame was put into my hand by Mrs. Debar and before I had raised it to the position desired, I as she had done rubbed the face of it hard with the palm of my hand. She placed on my chair beside me a small hand mirror, and when I asked what that was for, was told, "I will tell you by and by." Moving to some distance from me, she walked slowly up and down the room often looking intently towards me. This was continued for some time when she requested me to take the hand mirror and hold it above and in front of me so that I could see reflected in it the face of the canvas frame which I held by my left hand. This I did. "Do you see any thing on the can-

—mere touches with a tool. This may have continued two minutes, not more I think, when three raps were made on the package, and Mrs. Debar said, "It is finished, open it, but examine the package and see if there is any break in the paper." I did so. There was none. The package was in my hands and carefully with Mrs. Debar's assistance I removed the covering, and when the exposed side of the slate was seen, remarked, "There is nothing there." "No" said she, "it must be on the inside." Carefully I lifted the slate from off the painting and turned it over; we looked upon the surface of the slate that had been next to the painting, and to our astonishment it was clear, bare of line or mark of any kind. In my surprise I asked, "What meant that cutting we heard?" "Put them together again," eagerly said Mrs. Debar. This was done by me and we took hold as before; only now we held together the canvas frame and slate without the paper in which they had been enwrapped. Instantly three raps were heard and Mrs. Debar said, "finished," withdrawing her hand as also did Mr. O'Sullivan withdraw his. I raised the slate from the painting, turned it over, and on the side that had faced the painting found engraved a fine female figure in flowing robes. In her left hand she held a torch aloft and a little behind her, her right arm being extended and pointing in the opposite direction and her gaze fixed in the direction she was pointing. Underneath the form is engraved "Mary D."

Silently I looked on this picture in wonderment, and the thought arose within me, "Verily the heavens are open, and angels descending among men."

DAVID HARROWER.

Wakefield, July 8th, 1887.

A Cat in a Pitcher.

The guests of an uptown hotel who were seated in a parlor last evening witnessed a rather funny occurrence. A cat and a pitcher came waltzing in at a lively pace. The pitcher was ahead of the cat, and the pitcher went from the right to the left, as if it was trying to wag the cat. In the struggles of the cat to rid herself of the pitcher the latter was smashed into smithereens against an iron pillar. The pitcher had been left in the hallway. The cat poked its head into the pitcher, found water instead of milk, and in attempting to withdraw its head got fastened into the neck of the chinaware and rushed into the parlor. Three ladies jumped on a sofa, a dude picked up his walking stick for defense, while an ex-congressman from New Jersey thought he had what the cat didn't—"rats."—*N. Y. World.*

An enterprising physician in Australia advertises: "I will pay one-half of the funeral expenses in cases where I am not successful."

It is proposed to change the name of Exchange place, Providence, to Monument square.

Good character is above all things else.

Island. - Prov. Journal.